

play it cool

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play it cool

by [hetheyification](#)

Summary

"Hi, can I help you with anything?" Dream's attention is drawn to a short brunet man rising up from where he was rearranging jewelry in the glass case that makes up the front counter.

Dream's first thought is that he's fucking pretty, he's wearing a thin, black, high-necked long sleeve that hugs his small shoulders and slender arms gracefully. Dots of silver and shiny black jewelry line his ears, peeking through the dark brown of his hair like constellations in a clear night's sky. He's got several adorning the moon of his face, too: a spiky black eyebrow bar, a snug septum ring, a stud through his nose, and a dot of silver sitting right in the middle of his plush bottom lip and running through to exit the skin just underneath it. It's as Dream finds himself staring at how the pretty pink of his lips contrast the paleness of his skin and the shine of jewelry that he remembers he needs to answer.

"Um yeah," Dream blinks, collecting himself, "I have an appointment to get my nose pierced right now, actually." He answers, rocking back and forth from his heels to the balls of his feet to try and let his nervous energy out through there instead of through his words.

RETITLED was "piercing gaze"

Notes

GNF slut week was organized by @arsonnarty on twitter!! this was written for the first two prompts, piercings and platforms

the title is from "clumsy" by fergie

I retitled this (used to be called "piercing gaze") because I was never satisfied with that one
lol

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

piercings

A little bell tinkles as Dream pushes open the door to the tattoo shop he'd dropped Sapnap off at hours earlier. He's been here a couple times by now, bringing his ink-addicted friend to and from appointments when he needed a ride, but he's never actually been inside. The facade of the store is intimidating, with walls of flash art visible in the windows behind where the name of the shop is printed in sharp letters on glass that's framed by a fresh coat of black paint.

When he walks inside, it's warmer than he expected it to be, probably for the comfort of people having to bare their skin for it to be tattooed, he supposes. His ears catch on to music playing over hidden speakers, and finds he actually recognizes the song, some modern alt-rock ballad that Sapnap will play while cleaning sometimes. He doesn't know exactly what he expected, whether it be screamo or classic rock, but he's surprised not to feel as completely out of his element as he expected.

And then there's Sapnap, of course, who's lying face down and shirtless on a cushioned table to the right of him. His friend gives him a little wave, as best he can without disturbing the young woman who's holding a buzzing tattoo machine to his right shoulder. Dream responds with a little nod and a weak smile, and Sapnap rolls his eyes as if to say *you're fine*.

It was the younger man's fault that this was happening, after all. He knew Dream had been eyeing facial piercings for ages, but was too scared to ever just dive in and get one. He had made the appointment for him, saying "Look, you're gonna be there anyways to pick me up, and you want one, so just *do it*, or whatever Nike says. If you *really* don't want one, you don't have to, but you do, so you're getting one."

And so here Dream is, drumming his fingers against the side of his leg as he debates whether or not to sit down in the waiting area of the lobby. Because Sapnap is always right.

"Hi, can I help you with anything?" Dream's attention is drawn to a short brunet man rising up from where he was rearranging jewelry in the glass case that makes up the front counter.

Dream's first thought is that he's fucking *pretty*. He's wearing a thin, black, high-necked long sleeve that hugs his small shoulders and slender arms gracefully. Dots of silver and shiny black jewelry line his ears, peeking through the dark brown of his hair like constellations in a clear night's sky. He's got several adorning the moon of his face, too: a spiky black eyebrow bar, a snug septum ring, a stud through his nose, and a dot of silver sitting right in the middle of his plush bottom lip and running through to exit the skin just underneath it. It's as Dream finds himself staring at how the pretty pink of his lips contrast the paleness of his skin and the shine of jewelry that he remembers he needs to answer.

"Um, yeah," Dream blinks, collecting himself, "I have an appointment to get my nose pierced right now, actually." He answers, rocking back and forth from his heels to the balls of his feet to try and let his nervous energy out through there instead of through his words.

"Can I get your name?" The man says with an easy smile, and how had Dream not noticed he's British before this? He chalks it up to the anxiety of his situation, and not the fact that he'd been preoccupied with the brunet's appearance.

"It's under Clay." He cringes at referring to himself as his real name, but oh well, it's not like he can get 'Dream' printed on a government-issued ID card.

"Is there another name you prefer?" The man asks knowingly, welcomingly, tilting his head at him a little, and Dream finds himself distracted at the way his curls bounce as they flop to the side.

"Everyone calls me Dream." He responds with a soft smile that matches the brunet's own as he can feel himself start to relax.

"Cool, I'm George, I'm actually going to be taking care of you." The man—George, he now knows—slides a sheet of paper across the counter towards him. "I just have some paperwork for you to fill out here, take a pen-oh, and I'm going to need to see your ID, not that you don't look 18, it's just protocol, and then you'll be all set!"

Dream chuckles at the way his energy and words bounce just as much as his hair, takes the pen, and starts getting to work filling out the questions. Yes, he's over 18, no, he doesn't have any blood diseases, birthday here, sign there, and suddenly he's done and handing the paper back over along with his driver's license.

Oh, god. This is really happening, like, *right now*.

"Everything looks good!" George hands his ID back over the counter and puts the paper work away in a manilla folder. "I'm just going to head back and get everything ready, I'll come grab you in just a minute."

Dream finds himself looking around again, unsure of what to do, and settles for leaning up against the half-wall that separates the workstation of the artist currently tattooing Sapnap.

“You nervous?” He asks, pulling an airpod out of his ear and turning his head to look up at Dream.

“Yeah,” Dream breathes out, letting the lip he didn’t know he had been chewing on fall from where it was held tight between his teeth.

“Don’t be,” Sapnap says off-handedly, as if it’s that easy. “I’ve heard great things about George, you’ll be fine. And it’s going to look great.”

Dream nods, but his nerves must still be apparent on his face because Sapnap softens up and says, “Seriously, dude. It’ll be over before you know it. I’d come hold your hand, but I’m a little preoccupied.”

Dream just laughs, straightening himself up and shoving his hands in his pockets. He wonders if he should’ve brought a something to fidget with. He tries to sound convincing when he says, “I’ll be okay.”

“Yeah, you will.” Sapnap says, then smirks at him, “And you’ll look hot as fuck when it’s done.”

“Is that why you wanted me to get one?” Dream asks, screwing his face up.

“Yeah!” Sapnap laughs, and Dream wonders how he can be so casual while having multiple tiny needles constantly drilling ink into skin, he’s freaking out about just having *one*. “You need to get laid, bro.”

“Sapnap!” Dream’s eyes flit over to the artist, but she’s got big headphones on and is sunk deep into her work, focusing only on the art she’s putting on Sapnap’s body forever. “Don’t be gross, dude.”

Dream’s eyes immediately flit up to George as he comes back onto the main floor, and he would be a little bit more concerned about their conversation being overhead by the piercer if he wasn’t so distracted by how his thick brown hair is now pushed back by a thin headband.

It’s like George knew exactly where he was looking, because he crosses his arms over his chest, and says “Don’t laugh.”

“I wasn’t laughing!” Dream says, and it’s true, he wasn’t, but he is now, looking at the way George is pouting a little, the expression far too cute to grace the lips of someone who’s brave enough to stick needles not only through his own face, but through other people’s as well.

“I just need to keep my hair out of my eyes, and I can’t touch it once I’ve cleaned my hands.” George explains with his own little laugh as he tucks a curl behind his ears with delicate, pale fingers. He turns around to lead Dream further back into the shop. “Follow me.”

“Mhm,” is all Dream can choke out, because now he’s left staring at the way soft, faded black skinny jeans hug George’s slender legs perfectly, accentuating all his curves, and letting pale skin peek out from rips scattered across even the back of his pants.

He’s really, *really* trying not to stare at his ass, but then he’s staring at how a studded belt hangs low on his hips, then at his narrow waist, then at how the muscles of his back move when he walks. Dream settles for staring at the least compromising thing he can, his hair, but then he’s got and eyeful of chocolate brown waves he knows even his big hands could get lost in, and imagining twirling one of the little curls at the base of his neck around his finger, and realizing George is quite a bit shorter than him, and—

“Right through here,” George opens the door to a little piercing studio and lets Dream walk through first. “You take a seat up there,” he says, gesturing at a plastic-covered table not unlike the one Sapnap was on.

There’s a little stepstool sitting under the table, but Dream doesn’t need to use it, just barely hopping up to sit on the tall table. George rolls his sleeves up and goes to wash his hands at the sink on the far wall, and Dream kind of wishes he had a better view.

“Have any other piercings?” George pulls him out of wandering thoughts as he dries his hands with a paper towel and tosses it into a little garbage can.

“No, no I haven’t, um.” Dream swallow, because now George is pulling on a new pair of black latex gloves and fuck him if *that* isn’t a sight he won’t be forgetting any time soon. “Haven’t gotten any before.”

“Well, I’m happy to be your first.” George says like seduction isn’t dripping from his phrasing and the slow, careful way he’s opening and lining up packaged tools that Dream is just realizing will soon be sinking into his flesh. At least he’s looking down at the little cart of tools he has laid out

and not at Dream, who's gaping at the innuendo. "I'll make it nice and comfortable for ya."

Heat rises to Dream's cheeks, and he looks down to try to hide his blush. Is George flirting? Is he just a flirty person? He doesn't know him well enough to say, but now the nerves of getting a piercing have been subdued by the nerves of being flirted with by one of the most attractive men he's ever seen, and he's not sure if it's better or worse.

"Uh, thanks." Dream concentrates on looking around George's studio, staring at posters and stickers on the walls and the rows of cabinets he can only assume to be filled with more tools and jewelry in a fruitless attempt to calm down.

"It's okay if you cry, by the way." George looks up at him, and Dream meets his eye. "Most people do with their nose, it's so close to the eyes it just kinda happens. Totally normal."

"That's...thanks. I was a little afraid of that, to be honest." Dream laughs and feels some of the tension in his shoulders leave with the sound.

"It happens all the time, especially if you're a little nervous. Don't worry about it." George's hand moves towards him a little bit before he reins it back in, and Dream is left to wonder if he meant to reach out to give him a comforting squeeze before remembering that he already put his gloves on. "There's a stress ball if you want to hold it, it can help."

Dream picks it up from the shelf next to him immediately, enjoying the way the firm foam feels in the palm of his hand, not noticing the way George's eyes are focused on the way his fingers wrap all the way around the ball.

"Um, so I'm gonna draw a little dot as a guide, and you can check it out and tell me if it's in a good spot." Dream looks up at George as he says this, and finds the barest hint of a blush to be coating the piercer's high cheekbones. He wonders if that was always there, if now he's just close enough to notice it.

Because they're *very* close now, George is leaning in with a little marker, looking at his nose from several different angles before drawing a tiny dot onto the side of it. He pulls back, gestures at the mirror hanging on the wall to Dream's left, and says, "Let me know what you think."

Dream looks at himself in the mirror and sees himself flustered, sees a face too red to write off as nerves and hair that's always a little ruffled messy from how he was running his hands through it in

the car as he was psyching himself up to walk inside. It takes a second for him to remember what he's supposed to be looking at, and his eyes flick down the little purple dot on the side of his nose, and somehow, if filling out the paper work and seeing the needle on the table wasn't enough to make the thought of a *nose piercing* feel real, this is the thing that does it.

He turns his head from side to side, looking at the dot and imagining silver jewelry in its place. He's acutely aware of George's eyes on him, they feel like they're setting him on fire and he wishes he hadn't worn a hoodie because he's burning up. Dream tears his eyes away, nods, and swallows, because he knows what the next step is once he says, "Yeah, looks good."

Except apparently he doesn't know what the next step is, because George has a pair of shiny silver tong-like things in his hand. At Dream's visible confusion, he looks down at them too, explaining, "the clamps are just so I can make sure to keep it straight."

They're placed onto his nostril and closed in a tight pinch, causing Dream to screw his eyes shut. "Don't worry," George says as he reaches over to grab the hollow piercing needle, "those are the worst part, actually. Just breathe, you're doing great."

Dream wishes he wasn't such a sucker for praise, because then it'd be easier to pretend he's not as affected by George's soft tone of voice as he is.

His green eyes flash open at the feeling of another piece of cold metal against the skin of his nostril, this time much shaper.

"Tilt your chin up a little?" George asks, and Dream follows, looking down the bridge of his nose at his piercer.

"Deep breath in," George murmurs. His eyes are focused intently on where he holds the needle in one gloved hand and the handle of the clamps in the other, while Dream's can't stop staring at the way his tongue is poking out in concentration, a little silver barbell through the middle of it held between his teeth. Dream takes a shuddery breath at the sight, and it must've been the cue for George to go ahead, because suddenly there's a sharp pain and a needle through his nose.

Dream feels a tear escape his eye and roll down his cheek, even though George was right, the clamps were the worst part. The needle really wasn't that bad after all, it's more of an intense pinching sensation that causes a heat to spread across his nose, but maybe that's just from the fact that George was so close to his face.

Within kissing distance, Dream's entirely unhelpful mind supplies.

"Perfect, did so well," George says as he undoes the clamps and carefully takes them off of Dream's nose, being sure not to nudge the needle where it remains in place. "I find it's easier if you don't anticipate it coming." He shrugs, setting down the tool and opening the package to a little silver stud.

"Feeling okay?" George pauses to ask, looking at him with an earnest, genuinely concerned look on his face. "Doesn't hurt too bad?"

"No, yeah, I-I'm fine." Dream says, keeping his head still, his eyes focused on the warm smile George is giving him.

"Good. I'm just going to put the jewelry in, clean it up, and you'll be all set." Damn. For all the dread Dream felt as his appointment drew closer and the nerves he was experiencing before and during the piercing, he kind of doesn't want this to be over.

"Awesome." He tries not to sound dejected.

Suddenly George is very close to him again, pushing the needle almost all the way through before lining the stud up to the end of it. "The jewelry is worse than the needle, too," he muses, feeding the end of the stud into the hollow needle.

He was right again, though Dream expected him to be, as the expert, and the blond finds himself with a death grip on the stress ball as the jewelry is worked through the fresh hole in his nose. There's a little twist in it, he assumes so that it stays put and doesn't fall out, and that's the worst part, causing him to screw his eyes shut and forcing another tear to fall.

"All done," George says softly, and Dream opens his eyes, sniffles a little, and gratefully accepts the tissue held out to him by a gloved hand. He didn't even see where the needle went, but as he turns to the mirror it's gone, replaced by a tiny silver stud and a drop of blood.

"Whoah," is all he can say, because he finds he *really* likes the compliment of silver against his tanned, freckled skin. Not quite as much as he likes it on George's paleness, though.

"You like it?" George says, and when Dream turns back to him he sees a bright, hopeful look in his

eyes that causes a grin to break out on his own face.

“Yeah, looks really good, thank you!” He chuckles at the fact that he has just *done that*, had gotten a needle stuck through his nose and is enjoying the aftermath, and at the fact that George is smiling now too as he compliments his work.

“Great! I’m just going to clean it up quick.” The brunet uses a q-tip to dab away the blood before using a clean one to apply a little solution to the new piercing. “So, Dream.” He muses as he works, getting a little hum from the blond in response. “That’s a cool name, how’d you get it?”

Oh, fuck, Dream thinks, running through the several fake-scenarios he has stored in his brain to explain his name. Something about George invites him to tell the truth, though. “It’s kind of stupid, actually. We—me and Nick, my friend getting tattooed out there—we met on a Minecraft server ages ago. That’s my in-game name.”

He smiles at the memory, at the ridiculousness of it (people usually expect him to have a much cooler explanation for the nickname *Dream*) and at the little laugh George gives him in response as he pulls away, taking his gloves off and throwing them out.

“I don’t think that’s stupid. I used to play Minecraft a lot, actually.”

“Yeah?” Dream asks, perking up. Having something in common with the beautiful, mysterious piercer he was suddenly infatuated with wasn’t something he was expecting.

“Yeah, haven’t played in a bit, though. I used to be obsessed with Hunger Games.”

“That’s actually where Sapnap, er, Nick, and I met!”

“No way!” George laughs, and it might be the best thing Dream’s ever heard. “Maybe we played together. I was always on European servers, though.”

Dream wants to ask what his in-game name was, to see if maybe he’d recognize it, wants to ask what brought him to America, wants to ask if he’s into guys, but that all seems very forward, and all he can do is listen to George explain the after-care of the piercing as he’s cleaning up his work station.

“So, I pierce with a stud to help it heal straight. After a few weeks you can switch it out for a hoop, if you want. Soak it in a saline solution twice a day, try not to touch it except for when you clean it, and always wash your hands first. There’s more info on the little sheet I’ll give you up front.” George opens the door to his studio and again lets Dream step out first, following him back up to the front counter.

The piercing cost 65\$, but Dream hands him four twenties saying “I don’t need change.” Sapnap had drilled into his head the importance of tipping your artist.

“Thank you!” George says with another one of the wide smiles Dream is trying to memorize, handing him a little sheet covered in instructions on how to take care of his piercing. Dream busies himself in reading over it, taking in as much information as he can, while he hears the scribble of a pen come from behind the counter. He misses when that glass case wasn’t separating them.

“Here’s my number, just text if you need anything or have any troubles with it.” George says, looking up at him a little nervously as he hands Dream one of the tattoo parlor’s business cards.

Dream takes it and tucks it into his wallet, not looking to see where the shop’s number had been crossed out and another was written in its place. “Thanks again, I really appreciate it.”

“Any time.” George nods, then looks down at where his fingers tap nervously on the glass before pulling his hands back and shoving them in his pockets. “I’m, um, I’m gonna go clean up. Have a good one, Dream.”

“Thank you,” Dream says, because he’s a little too flustered looking at how George is pulling his bottom lip into his mouth by tugging on the piercing through it to say much else. “You too.”

George gives him a final, firm nod before turning to walk back into the shop. Dream is sad to see him go, but he doesn’t get to dwell on it for too long, because Sapnap is calling out to him.

“How’d it go?” His friend asks, now sitting up as his artist wipes down his new ink with a wet paper towel.

“Good!” Dream says, unable to keep a smile from tugging at the corners of his lips, “didn’t hurt too bad, and you were right, he was nice.”

“Mhm,” Sapnap nods, lifting his arm so his shoulder could be wrapped in thin, clear plastic. “He’s cute, too, huh?”

“Sapnap!” Dream cries out, before immediately lowering his voice and glaring daggers at the younger man. “Shut up!”

“What?” He shrugs as he pulls his t-shirt back on over his head. “It’s true.”

“Well, *yeah*,” Dream has to agree, although the word he might’ve chosen was *breath-taking* or *stunning* or *fucking hot*. “But, like, he *works* here, don’t go harassing him.”

Sapnap rolls his eyes at Dream, something he does often when his friend is being completely dense. “I meant for you, idiot. Now go start the car, I gotta pay.”

Dream splutters out something that can’t exactly form a response before Sapnap is shoving him out the shop door, leaving tinkling bells in his wake.

platforms

Dream loves his new nose piercing. He can't stop looking at it every time he passes any slightly reflective surface, admiring the way silver jewelry sits flush against his skin, accenting his nose. He's always liked his nose, it's broad and a little crooked from being broken twice during football practices, but it accents the rest of his bone structure nicely. He likes his nose. And he likes the piercing.

The thing is, everything about it reminds him of George.

He cleans it diligently, twice daily, but every time he holds a cotton ball soaked in warm salt water up to the fresh piercing, he can't stop thinking about the careful, delicate way George had cleaned it for him that first time. Any time he absentmindedly fidgets with it, before remembers not to touch it, he thinks of the way George's fingertips left sparks dancing across his skin, even through those stupid gloves. He knows he needed to wear them, to be *sterile*, or whatever, but he almost wishes he hadn't. He wishes that George wasn't as professional as he was, that he could've said "fuck the latex," and felt the texture of George's skin against his own-oh.

Dream's not sure if he's only thinking about the piercing gloves anymore.

He likes the look of the stud, it's just small enough to be nondescript, but that just gets him thinking about the way George wears his wide array of piercings proudly, copius amounts jewelry adorning his face and hanging from his ears. His own nose piercing is a shiny black ring, it's not trying to hide anything, sitting in the center of his Renaissance painting of a face as if intentionally trying to draw Dream's attention to it, even in his memories.

Cleaning the piercing is definitely the worst part, because he has to sit still holding the soaked cotton ball up to it for a couple minutes, which gives him more than enough time to think about nothing other than George. Dream wonders how badly his ear piercings hurt, considering they have to go through much thicker cartilage than that of his nose. He wonders if George also teared up during his nose piercing, then gets lost in thoughts of those big brown eyes welled up with tears, of red rims bringing out the contrast between the whites and his irises even more. Dream wonders if he has any piercings he *wasn't* able to see, underneath the long sleeve shirt and jeans he was wearing, then feels so dirty about the thought that he has to rein himself in by thinking about *anything* else.

His mom. (She would probably like George, they seem to have the same bubbly, quick-witted humor.)

Okay, try again.

His job? Dream works in tech, building custom computers for professionals in video editing, gaming, and music production, and for a little extra cash runs maintenance on some of the same Minecraft servers he used to play on as a kid. (He wonders if George still plays. He never got the chance to ask him his in-game name.)

Fuck, try *again*.

His cat! Perfect, Patches has to go to the vet next week, and he's already mentally preparing himself for the nightmare-inducing booster shots he knows she has to get. He'll spend his time worrying about that, not about the pretty piercer. (Does George have a cat? He seems like the type. He wonders if his cat is good at the vet, or if he has hold them gently and coo at them to get the cat to calm down. He seems like he'd be good at that.)

"Ugh," Dream groans, flopping onto his back on the couch and letting salt water run up and pool under his eyes.

It doesn't help that Sapnap won't leave him alone about his pining, either, especially as a week quickly passes by and it's time to bring Sapnap in for the final session of his shoulder piece.

"Dude, you're already coming to drop me off at the shop, just go in and talk to him." His friend says as he slips into his Vans, tossing Dream the keys to his car.

"What! No. He *works* there." Dream catches the keys easily, then clutches them against his chest in the perfect representation of a shocked puritan lady of old. "I can't just, like, go *harass* him, he can't even leave! That's so uncomfortable."

"Well *I* can't put up with you pestering me about him any longer." Sapnap crosses his arms over his chest, standing his ground. "You're talking to him."

"What do I even say?" Dream pushes past him to leave their small house, Sapnap following.

"God, you're hopeless. How did you ever get a girlfriend?" Sapnap says incredulously, causing Dream to laugh. He *knows* Sapnap knows how he ended up dating his only long-term romantic partner, because they go through this every time his friend insists he needs to "get out there, get

your dick wet, get out of my hair! Lovingly, of course.”

“She asked me out.” Dream tells the story concisely and resolutely as he locks the door behind them, because he’s recounted the series of events a hundred times before.

“Exactly. Because you liked her for, what, months? And *she* had to be the one to go and do something about it, because you’re completely hopeless when it comes to putting yourself out there.” His voice becomes muffled as he gets into Dream’s sedan, but the blond has heard it so many times before that he knows what his best friend is saying.

Dream sighs as he plops down in the driver’s seat, closing his door behind him. Sapnap copies his sigh mockingly.

“Just ask for his number, and if he says no, then so what?” He shrugs, as if that’s the easiest thing in the world to do. He doesn’t want it to end poorly, and have his fantasies die with the question. Dream would rather sit and daydream about asking George out and it going well, about feeling his earrings under his fingertips as he runs his hands through his hair that looks so soft, about feeling cool metal pressed against the hot flush of his lips when-

“Dude. You’re thinking about him again.”

“I don’t even know that he’s into guys.” Dream says for the tenth time that week, finding any excuse to remain in his fantasies about George instead of being dragged down to earth by the reality of being rejected.

“Well, you’ll never *going* to know unless you try.” Sapnap says matter-of-factly, “Which is why you’re asking for his number.”

“He’ll probably just think I lost the shop number and give me another one of these.” Dream stares down at the business card he was handed with his after-care instructions. Pulling it out of the place where he’d carefully tucked it into his wallet and flipping it over between his fingers has become a nervous habit of his during the past week. The edges are a little frayed, and there’s some folded corners, but he’s made sure to avoid smudging the phone number written carefully in loopy handwriting.

“Let me see that.” Sapnap says firmly, grabbing it out of his hand.

“Dude!”

“Don’t ‘*dude!*’ me, dude!” Sapnap looks up at Dream, then down at the card, then back up at Dream like he’s suddenly grown another head. “Are you fucking kidding me?”

“What?” Dream asks, genuinely confused.

“He gave you his fucking number, you massive moron!”

“Hey, hey!” Dream can’t do much besides raise his hands to try and block the not-friendly punches Sapnap is giving his shoulder. “That’s just, like, in case there’s any trouble with the piercing, he didn’t *give me his number!*”

Sapnap sighs a deep, frustrated sigh, pinching the bridge of his nose between two fingers. “What, *exactly*, did he say when he gave you this?”

“Uh, to like, text if anything was going wrong?” Dream says, trying to snatch the paper card back to no avail.

“*He gave you his number and asked you to text him!*” Sapnap shouts, despite the fact that they aren’t sitting more than two feet apart. “Oh my god. Oh my god! You are so stupid. You are *so-*”

“Hey!”

“You are SO stupid! I had to sit and listen to you mope and pine about the pretty piercer boy *all fucking week* when he *gave* you his number and *asked* you to *text him!?*”

Dream is stuck staring at his red-faced best friend with an open mouth and furrowed eyebrows, still not following.

Sapnap takes a deep breath in, and spells it out for him slowly. “This isn’t the shop number, Dream.”

“I didn’t know that!”

“Even if it *was*, why would he have you fucking *text* it? Are you that dense? He was hitting on you!” Sapnap’s hands fly around the small space of the passenger seat, emphasizing every point.

“Wait, you really think so?” There’s a glimmer of hope in Dream’s voice.

“Yes!” Sapnap gives him the biggest, most dramatic eye roll he’s ever seen. “I cannot believe you. You spend all week running my ear off about George this, George that, do you think he liked me, I want to kiss him so ba-“

“I did *not* say that!” Dream says, blushing furiously and turning to start the car in an attempt at hiding his red cheeks from his best friend. It’s futile, though. The pointed glare Sapnap is giving him says, *you didn’t need to*. He can’t hide the worst of his thoughts from his best friend apparently, Sapnap seems to be woefully aware of every pitiful fantasy he’d had about the man all week.

“You know what?” Sapnap says, snatching Dream’s phone out of where it rest in the center console and unlocking it, “You’ve lost phone privileges. Just drive.”

“What are you doing?” Dream cranes his neck to try and see what Sapnap is currently typing away at on his phone, but quickly has to focus himself on backing out of their driveway.

“I’m texting George. Since you couldn’t be bothered to do it.”

“What, no!” Dream tries to grab his phone back, but Sapnap holds it up against the passenger-side window, out of his reach. He starts typing again as soon as Dream’s attention is back on the road, and the little *swoosh* sound effect fills the now silent car.

“Now drive,” Sapnap insists, locking his phone and dropping it back into the cupholder.

Dream can barely focus during the short drive to the tattoo parlor, his head is preoccupied with imagining all the worst things Sapnap could’ve texted to George, from cringy pick-up lines to even cringier confessions of love, or worse, lust. Even if they might be true. Dream’s still not convinced the piercer was even hitting on him!

All too quickly, they're pulling up outside the familiar shop, sitting idly for a few moments. Dream turns to look at Sapnap, wondering why he hasn't gotten out of the car yet. "What are you waiting for?"

Sapnap rolls his eyes again, unbuckling and opening his door. "You, idiot. Come on."

Dream sighs as he turns the car off and gets out of it. He knows he's not getting out of this, and he does kind of want to see George again. Even if Sapnap had read the situation wrong and sent him a completely inappropriate text.

His stomach churns as Sapnap pushes open the door to the shop, the little bells tinkling to announce their entrance to his tattoo artist and, of course, George, who stands there talking to her as she pours tattoo ink into an array of little containers.

Sapnap shoves him lightly, moving him from where he'd been frozen in place looking at George's slender arms where they're crossed loosely across his chest, pale skin exposed in stark contrast to the black short-sleeve t-shirt he's wearing. Dream stumbles forward, catching himself before whipping his head around to glare at Sapnap, but his friend is already moving towards his artist. "Talk to him, stupid." He mutters on his way.

"Dream!" George says, turning and giving Dream a wide smile that lights his eyes up with stars, similarly to the speckles of acid-wash that adorn his dark jeans.

"H-hey!" Dream is *incredibly* nervous, somehow moreso than the last time he had entered the shop with the idea of a needle being stuck through his nose looming over his mind. Still, he finds himself smiling, too.

"I, um, just got your message," George looks down at where his hands are fiddling with the hem of his t-shirt, before dropping them to look up at Dream. It's in this moment, unobstructed by the shop counter between them or by him sitting on a piercing table, that Dream becomes aware of the difference in their height. He's already obsessed, he can already imagine George standing up on his toes to give him a hug, how his arms would fit perfectly around the smaller man's narrow waist, how he'd have to gently tip his chin up to kiss him.

Looking at George, from his shining jewelry to his shinier eyes, he's completely starstruck, and can't process anything, certainly not the fact that he still has no idea what Sapnap even texted him. His phone lays forgotten in his car.

He blinks as George looks back up at him, and there's a quiet tension between them for a tiny moment before they speak in unison.

"Oh, good!" Dream says, unsure, at the same time as George excitedly blurts out, "I'd love to!"

"Huh?" Dream says, then inwardly cringes at himself for being a *total and complete idiot*, even though Sapnap had already made sure he knew that. Why hadn't he read the message?

George looks at him, confused, and Dream feels so, *so* bad, feels so out of place and unsure about what to do and he curses himself for not picking up on signals and not messaging George himself and not reading whatever Sapnap sent him and for causing a pout on the perfect face that he only ever wants to see a smile grace.

"You, uh. You said you wanted to hang out tonight?" George asks tentatively, crossing one arm over his chest and holding the other, subconsciously taking a defensive stance.

"Oh, yeah!" Dream responds eagerly, because even though he hadn't, in fact, said that, he really, *really* wants to hang out tonight. "Sorry, uh...ADHD brain, haha." He fake-laughed at himself, then cringes, because he's fucking this up *so badly*. He wouldn't be surprised if George changed his mind right then and there.

"Okay, cool!" George says, even though he's trying very hard to keep his own cool looking up at the blond. "I, um, I'm done tonight probably around when Nick will be. Eight still good for you?"

"Eight sounds perfect." Dream wants to ask what they'll be doing, but he's also worried that it was in the contents of the text 'he' had supposedly sent.

"Perfect," George beams, practically buzzing with excitement, "Meet here then?"

"Can't wait," Dream says with a matching smile. At the now-familiar tinkling of bells both men turn to look at a woman with fiery red hair and several facial piercings walk into the shop and give George a little wave pulling out her phone for something to do.

"That's my 2 o'clock." George says, unable to keep a smile from tugging at his lips as he finishes, "see you tonight!"

Dream is full of anxious yet excited energy that his body can't decide how to let out, thinking it's probably just as inappropriate to shake George's hand as it is to sweep him off his feet and into the mind-melting kiss he so desperately wants to give him. Instead, he nods eagerly, as he's kind of unable to form words.

George gives him a knowing look and a fond smile, still with those stars twinkling in his eyes, as he waves the red-haired woman over. Dream finds himself still grinning when he turns to look at where Sapnap is lying on his stomach, obviously watching the entire interaction.

"You're welcome," he mouths at Dream, who rolls his eyes, but not before he can catch Sapnap add on a silent, "idiot."

Dream practically skips on his way back to his car, he's so excited. He pulls out his phone before even starting the car, not caring that he can be seen smiling at it from through the shop windows. It was locked on a the messages Sapnap had sent to George.

Dream 1:41 pm

Hi, this is dream :)

Was wondering if you were free later to get drinks around eight?

I can drive to the shop and let sap take my car home, ill catch an uber later

George had responded in person, so he just laughs at the surprising easiness of it all, at his own stupidity for not asking the brunet out sooner, and opens his messages with Sapnap instead.

Dream 2:01 pm

Dude thank u

Sapnap 2:01 pm

yw idiot

now go get ready for ur date

Somehow, though there's theoretically less and less to be nervous about each time, Dream's anxiety only grows every time he pushes open the tattoo parlor door. He's showered, applied a dab of his nicest cologne, did his best to rein in his unruly waves, and is wearing a clean pair of dark, fitted khakis and a colorful, baggy sweater. He'd spent ages debating on whether or not something that he thrifted could be date-worthy, especially without Sapnap there to hype him up.

Because holy *fuck*, this is a *date*, and a date with *George*. He feels about ready to pass out, even though he made sure to eat something so he's not drinking on an empty stomach.

Sapnap is at the front counter, his shirt pulled back on over a fresh sheet of plastic wrapping around where Dream knows the tattoo on his shoulder and upper back is now (finally) finished, talking casually with his artist. He turns when he hears the door opening.

"Ay, you look good!" His friend's familiar, comforting smile eases Dream's nerves. So does the confirmation that he looks okay, he had been fretting over his appearance for the better part of an hour.

"Hey, Sap." Dream says weakly, but his nerves must be apparent on his face because Sapnap grabs his shoulder with his non-recently tattooed arm.

"You'll be fine, dude. He looked about as nervous as you are."

"Thanks," Dream says, letting out a shaky breath and leaning into the touch.

"George'll be back soon," Sapnap's artist says, "I'd say don't fuck this up so I don't have to hear him ramble about you all next week, too, but I probably will either way." She finishes with a little chuckle and shares a smirk with Sapnap.

Just as Dream is about to try and get her to clarify—because he can't believe what he thinks he's hearing, which is that George, *the George*, has been talking about *him*—those damn bells are tinkling again.

He turns around and his breath is punched out of his chest by the sight of George walking in from the twilight outside with wind-tousseled hair, red cheeks, and a distressed denim jacket covering his slight frame. He's wearing a loose white Rage Against the Machine t-shirt, the same black jeans that have more rips than actual denim, and just about the tallest pair of shoes Dream has ever

seen, with buckles running all the way up his slender calves and a platform on the bottom that must be at least three inches high. The boots accentuate his legs, already long considering his short stature, and Dream can't help but stare.

He pushes his hair off of his forehead only for it to flop back down into his eyes again as the door swings shut behind him, giving Dream a small, "Hey."

Sapnap shoves Dream back into reality for the second time that day, and he ekes out a "hi," in response, his voice cracking pitifully before he clears his throat and tries again. "Hi, George."

"Ready to go?" George asks, giving him that soft smile again, and Dream is left to wonder how someone can simultaneously be so intimidating and so *damn cute*.

"I need the keys, dude." Sapnap says as Dream is already making his way to the door.

Dream turns to toss his car keys at him, "Right."

"Have fun," Sapnap and his artist say in unison, then turn to look at each other like they're sharing the funniest inside joke in the world.

"Not too much fun, though." The tattoo artist clarifies, "We still need him on his feet tomorrow."

"Bye, Tina." George tries to roll his eyes, but the effect is ruined by how if face has gone bright red.

They exit the shop to the tinkling of bells and a final, "Have him back by ten!" called out from Sapnap.

It's quiet for a moment as they make their way down the steps at the front of the shop, George moving down them effortlessly even in his ridiculously tall shoes, each of them wondering what to say.

"Sorry, uh, about him." Is what Dream goes with, tacking on an embarrassed chuckle.

“Don’t be,” George laughs nervously back. “He’s funny, was talking to him and Tina earlier.”

“Yeah?”

“Mhm.”

They walk in silence again for a moment, George keeping up with Dream’s long strides easily. Though he likes the way his legs look in those boots, Dream can’t help but wish he was wearing the flat sneakers he had on earlier, because now that they’re side by side, he’d really like to compare their heights again. It’s a comfortable silence, the two of them taking in the sounds of traffic in their small city and wind rustling through tree leaves, until Dream realizes that he’s just been walking aimlessly, with no real direction.

“Where are we going?”

“Oh!” George lights up, turning to him, and Dream nearly stumbles at the way the warm yellow of streetlamp and colorful neon of storefront signs illuminate his eyes, “there’s a bar I like just down here. Sorry,” he laughs, “probably should’ve told you that.”

“No worries,” Dream says, finding his laughter coming easily now. “Do you live around here?”

“Yeah, just a couple blocks up. I walk to work.” George answers, pushing his hands into his jacket pockets and pulling it tight around him to block out wind that’s coming through. Even in just his sweater and the thin white button-up he has underneath it, Dream doesn’t feel cold. In fact, he thinks he’s overheating.

“That’s the bar up there,” George points to an old brick building just across from the street they’re about to cross. “I might get food, I didn’t really have dinner. Just ran home to change. Did you eat?”

“Mhm,” Dream confirms, then supplies, “You look really nice,” because it’s all he can really think about, if he’s honest.

“Thank you,” George looks at him for a moment before turning away, blushing again.

“How do you not trip?” Dream wonders aloud as George easily dodges a discarded can laying on the sidewalk.

George throws his head back a little and laughs a big, bright laugh that may just be the best sound Dream has ever heard. He’s so focused on committing the way he looks with his curls falling away from his face and his eyes screwed shut that Dream can’t even think about how impressive it is that he’s still walking in those stupidly tall shoes.

“Just practice, to be honest.” George says with a shrug. “It’s actually not that hard. Heels are worse because you’re, like, uneven, I guess. These are tall but they’re still flat.”

Dream nearly trips and falls at the thought of George in heels. He catches himself, thankfully, the last thing he needs to do is make a fool out of himself right now. “Noted,” he says around a little cough.

“Oh, please, like you need them.” George rolls his eyes at him, but he’s still smiling. “You’re, like. Tall.”

“Not *that* tall. You’re just short.” George freezes and Dream turns around to find him looking at him in shock. His stomach drops, thinking he fucked up, said something stupid, but George shoves him playfully.

“I’m *average*, thank you!”

“Yeah, maybe when you’re wearing those,” Dream returns the shove, George returns his laugh.

A few more steps, one jay-walked street crossing, and they find themselves outside of a little dive bar that’s well populated for it being a Thursday evening.

“Do they help you get into bars easier?” Dream asks, not entirely teasingly, because George does kind of have a baby face.

“I’m 24 and have a face full of metal, Dream.” George deadpans, pushing the door open for Dream to walk inside. “You sit down somewhere, I’ll go order.”

Dream nods and makes his way over to an unoccupied booth that looks relatively clean. As he sits down he scopes out the bar around him, he's never been here before. The crowd seems mostly young, college age to younger millennials, and fairly casual, most people are sitting or standing around the same wooden bar that George is currently talking to a bartender at. That's about as far as Dream gets when it comes to scoping out the scene, because now he's looking at George's ass again. There's a rip on the back at the very top of his left thigh that he hadn't noticed before, and when he leans over to get the attention of another bartender and offer her a little wave, some very pale flesh peeks through. Dream thinks his heart might've stopped, for a moment.

He smiles up at George when he comes back over, sitting on the opposite side of the wooden table.

"They'll bring it over in a sec." George says as he slides into the booth. "I got you a beer, hope that's okay."

"That sounds great," Dream says with a smile. He finds he likes how the brunet takes charge without really thinking about it. Dream is the type to overthink what he's ordering for long enough to not only annoy the people he's with, but the server, too. "Wait, you didn't pay, did you?"

George kicks him softly under the table, surprisingly light for how heavy those boots look. "You can just get the next round."

"Deal." Dream thinks he probably looks stupid, with the way he just can't stop fucking *smiling*. "I've never been here before."

"Really?" George asks, sounding like he's genuinely interested and not just trying to push conversation along, and something about the way he looks, eager and excited, despite his outward intimidating appearance and his stupidly cute face, just makes Dream feel comfortable.

"Yeah, guess I don't really get out much." He shrugs. It's the truth, Sapnap had given up of dragging Dream out to clubs pretty early on in their friendship, and he only finds himself in bars like these when the younger has a group of friends to go with. Dream can't even remember the last date he went on. George looks like he doesn't believe him, so he follows it up with a little laugh and a, "what?"

"I dunno, just. You're kinda hot."

Before Dream can splutter out a response a server is setting down a basket of fries, an open bottle of some IPA Dream doesn't recognize, and a short glass full of something pink in front of the two of them. George gives her a small thank you as she tucks her tray under her arm.

"Vodka cranberry?" Dream asks without thinking, because although he doesn't drink often, that lime wedge is unmistakable.

It's George's turn to give him a little incredulous "what?" as he pulls his lips away from the straw set in his drink.

"Nothing, nothing!" Dream says, drumming his fingers on the cold glass of his bottle just to have something to do, "Just—"

"Didn't seem like the type?" George laughs, taking another sip of his drink. Dream doesn't think the artificial red of the liquid in the glass holds a candle to the pink lips wrapped around his straw. "Anyone can be the type for anything, I don't really care what people think."

Dream just smiles stupidly at him, because every second he spends with George solidifies the fact that he is, in fact, the coolest person he's ever met.

"And they're tasty. You wanna try?" George pushes his glass over the table and Dream takes a little sip of it, and he's right, it's really fucking tasty.

"I guess I don't know much about you," Dream says quietly as he hands the glass back over.

"Where d'you wanna start?" George asks as he pops a fry into his mouth. "You can have some of these, by the way. I got them to share. I have a sandwich coming."

"Oh, thanks." Dream says, eating a fry to buy himself some time. Where *does* he want to start? He's only spent the past seven days thinking about George and everything he wants to say to him practically non-stop, but now, as he's sitting across from him, he has no idea what to ask.

"Um, you're British." Is what his brain decided to go with apparently, and he's forced to take a sip of his beer to hide the fact that he's cringing inwardly on himself like black hole. But George

does that big laugh again, holding a hand over his stomach, tossing his head back again and showing his sharp, stubbly jawline and pronounced Adam's apple, so maybe it was worth it.

"Good observation." He says light-heartedly, once he's calmed down. "What gave it away?"

"So how'd you end up here?"

"I moved here for uni, er, *college*," George says the last word in a terrible American accent. "Did two years of a compsci degree before dropping out."

"Really? I actually freelance code a little bit. I'm mostly self-taught though. Well, I guess that doesn't give my credit to my friends who basically showed me the ropes. And Khan Academy." Dream cuts himself off as he finds himself rambling like he usually does, but for some reason George seems to be hanging onto his every word. "Why'd you drop out?"

"Honestly, I wasn't learning anything I didn't already know." Everything about George continues to fascinate Dream. First his entire existence, then that he was willing to go on a date with him, and now that not only was he studying the same thing Dream enjoys, but that he found himself *too smart* for it. "Funny story, being bored in uni was how I ended up piercing. I just did a few to myself, then people started coming to me asking for their own, next thing I knew I was running an illegal piercing shop out of my dorm room."

"No way, really?" Dream doesn't know why he asks this, because although he doesn't know the man sitting across from him very well, it definitely seems like a George thing to do.

"Yeah!" George laughs. "I started making decent money from it, then as soon as I found an internship and an apartment I dropped out. My parents weren't very happy when I came back to London for Christmas with that news and a load of metal in my face, though. What do you do?"

"I build computers, just with a little start-up one of my friends made. Sapnap's in college, and the both of us code for some extra cash." Dream has to keep reminding himself to take sips of his beer while it's cold and to eat the fries while they're hot, he keeps getting lost in the conversation and the permanent smile on his face.

"Oh, sick. I kinda wish I'd kept up with coding, sometimes. The shop pays pretty well, but extra money's always nice." George says with a shrug. "The tattoo artists can set their own rates but piercers get hourly. It's a good rate!" He adds upon seeing the slight frown Dream gives him, "but

yeah, tips helps a lot. Thanks for that, by the way.”

“Huh?”

“The tip.” He says, tapping his fingers against his glass, the rings adorning his bony knuckles causing quiet clicks underneath their conversation.

“Oh, yeah,” Dream shakes his head a little, “of course. Sapnap practically drilled it into my head, he wouldn’t let me live if I forgot to tip you.”

“Good on him.” The first and only lull in their conversation comes when the waitress returns to bring George a sandwich in a little plastic basket. When she asks if they need anything else, he responds, “Two more vodka crans, but no rush, thanks.”

“Fuck, I’m starving.” He says turning his attention back to Dream, who was busy admiring the view of his sculpted cheekbones on his side profile. “Tell me about yourself.”

It’s not really a question, seeing as George is suddenly diving into his sandwich like it’s the first food he’s seen in months, and Dream shifts around in his seat, wondering where to start. “Um, so I grew up around here, like, out in the suburbs. My family still lives out there, my parents and younger sister. I dropped out of high school—“

“Really?” George says around a bite of food, and if it had been Sapnap Dream would’ve called it disgusting, but it’s George, so it’s, for some reason, kind of endearing? Maybe he should be calling *himself* disgusting.

“Well, kinda. I started taking online classes because I wanted to do computer science stuff, like coding and hardware and shit. But if I had gone to college I probably would’ve majored in English, it was the only class I really liked.”

“So you met, Sapnap, is it? On a Minecraft server. Did he already live here, or how’d that work?”

“He lived in Texas, actually. I think I was 13 and he must’ve been, like, 11.” Dream smiles at the memory, “But yeah, he moved out here for college, same as you. He’s studying computer science as well.”

“Damn,” George says, pulling up from his straw where he’d been sucking up the last dregs of his drink. Dream realizes that his bottle is light in his hand, he’s almost done with it too, and he’s feeling a nice buzz, but it might just be the floaty feeling he already associates with being around George. “Maybe we had some of the same pros.”

“Maybe! Small world, huh?”

“Mhm,” George hums, smiling up at him through his dark fringe and even darker lashes.

“How many piercings do you have?” Dream asks, spinning his empty bottle around in his hand.

“Uh, depends how you count them, I guess.”

“What do you mean?” Dream looks at him quizzically.

“Like, do you count nipples as one or two? And earlobes, like, I wear different earrings in them, so I guess I’d count them as two, like, they’re two separate piercings, technically, but I think lots of people just count them as one.” George brushes past the fact that he’d just implied that he has his *nipples* pierced, like that idea doesn’t have Dream weak in the knees even as he’s sitting down.

“Either way, you’d have to give me a minute to count them, I kinda lost track.” George shrugs.
“Twenty at least, I think.”

Dream just nods slowly, blinking and trying to boot his brain back up after it shut down imagining all the piercings he can’t see that could possibly adorn George’s body.

The waitress comes back to clear their dishes away and set down two more pink drinks, and Dream accepts it eagerly. “Damn, these *are* good.”

“Right!?” George laughs, taking a sip of his own fresh drink. “So, how’s your nose?”

The question catches Dream off guard for a second before he remembers how he met the man

sitting across from him, why they're sitting together in this loud bar in the first place: the nose piercing. "Doing really well," Dream muses, "I think I want to get a hoop for it, eventually."

"You could probably do it pretty soon, actually. It looks like it's healing really nice." George tilts his chin from side to side as he admires his own work where it sits in Dream's right nostril. "Most people don't actually clean them, and then wonder why they get infected or reject."

"Ew." Dream screws his face up at the thought.

"Yeah, ew. Then they come in and make me try to fix it, and all I can really do is take it out." George says swirling the ice around in his glass as he rolls his eyes. Dream finds he isn't jealous of that part of the brunet's job, but hey, it can't all be glamorous.

"I can send you a good website to buy jewelry from." George leans in like he's telling a secret, and Dream can't tear his eyes away from how silver jewelry embedded in his lip dances up and down every time he speaks. It takes real effort to maintain eye contact when those pretty pink lips are suddenly right in his line of sight and so tantalizingly close to his face. "Don't tell anyone I told you this, but it's the same shit we have at the shop, just not massively overpriced."

Dream laughs lightly, but he feels his face flush at their proximity. "That'd be great, thanks."

George sends a link through, and suddenly Dream is regretting leaving his phone face-up on the table, because although he hasn't found himself distracted by it in the slightest, suddenly George is grabbing it and he feels his stomach flip. He'd forgotten about that.

George holds the device up to his face like he can't believe what he's seeing, then turns the screen around to Dream and asks with a laugh, "Why am I in your phone as 'George hot piercer'?"

If Dream thought he was red and overheating before, it's nothing compared to the way he feels now as he grabs his phone back and shoves it into his pocket, decidedly looking anywhere but at George's laughing eyes. "O-okay, that-that was Sapnap, I didn't-"

"Relax, Dream." George laughs again, sinks back into his seat, takes another sip of his drink, and Dream finds himself doing the same, although he can tell he's still as red as his vodka cranberry. "It's funny."

“Sorry about that, like, not texting you. I, um...it’s stupid.” Dream rubs at the back of his neck, looking down at the table. “I didn’t realize you had given me your number, actually. Sapnap was the one who noticed, it was him who texted you.”

“Is that why you were being weird earlier?” George chuckles, remembering the cute, confused puppy-dog look Dream had when they ran into each other as he was dropping his friend off.

“Yeah, actually. I hadn’t read what he sent you yet, at that point.”

“Well,” George hums, brushing his hair out of his eyes with black-painted fingertips to meet Dream’s own in a steady gaze, “thank god for Sapnap, right?”

“*God,*” Dream laughs, burying his face in his hands to escape those intense brown eyes, but he already finds himself missing looking at George’s face. “You don’t even know the half of it. He called me an idiot, like, a thousand times.”

“Well, was really glad you, or Sapnap, I guess, texted me.” George says quietly, pulling one of Dream’s hands away from his face so he can make eye contact again. Neither of them pull back though, and they’re left with George’s small, pale hand resting on top of Dream’s big tanned one, rubbing his thumb lightly over his knuckles. “I was, like, freaking out thinking I had weirded you out by hitting on you.”

Dream finds himself caught up in the wave of his subdued honesty George is giving him, and he pulls his hand away only to place it on top of George’s to give it a gentle squeeze. “I was freaking out, thinking about how I couldn’t go into where you work and ask you out, I mean, that’d be so weird! Like, you *work* there, you can’t leave, and I thought you were just being nice to me because, I dunno, it’s your job or you’re a nice person and then I’d come in like ‘hey, remember me? Well you’re hot and I can’t stop thinking about kissing you and just want your number and-’”

“You want to kiss me?”

Dream freezes, pulls his hand back. George is staring at him in disbelief while Dream’s eyes dart all over his face, his breath coming in short bursts, when he remembers to breathe. “I-yeah, oh my god, see, that’s so weird! Fuck, I’m sorry, I’m-”

“No, no don’t be sorry, I just...” George looks down and pulls his bottom lip into his mouth by tugging on the silver stud set into the middle of it, something Dream has noticed he does when he’s

thinking about something. “If, um. If you wanted to...I’d like that. I mean. I want to kiss you, too, I guess.”

“Really?” Dream asks, shocked.

“Y-yeah, I probably talked Tina’s ear off about you as soon as you left. You just, I dunno.” George breaks their eye contact again to look down at where he’s swirling ice around his drink with his straw. Dream likes this side of him, the nervous, slightly apprehensive side, just as much (if not more) than his cool, nonchalant confidence. Maybe he just likes everything about George. “You looked so cute, sitting on my table, and you were funny, and nice and...I dunno. Yeah.”

“Whoah. Here I thought I was being an idiot with a crush, pining on you all week. Turns out you’re an idiot, too.”

George’s head whips back up at him to say, “Okay, I’m not the idiot who didn’t text me and needed their friend to do it.”

“Okay, okay, fair.” Dream says, and he likes the way their easy laughter is returning.

“But, um. If-if you did want to. Kiss. I do live, like, a couple blocks up.” George says, and he looks so cute, the way his eyebrow piercing raises with the nervous expression on his face.

“I’d really like that.” Dream says, trying not to sound too eager.

“O-okay, well,” George looks off to the side, and Dream gives him a second to collect his thoughts, “I do think you’re hot, and would really like to kiss you, but I also, like, like you? And I don’t, like...I would also like to go on another date, I think. But I do also want to go home and kiss the shit out of you.”

Dream breaks out into a grin. “We can do both of those things, I think. I would also like to ‘kiss the shit out of you,’ respectfully.”

“Um, should I go pay, then?” George says, silently asking him: *now?*

“Only if you let me pay for half.” Dream answers, silently saying: yes.

“No way,” George says as he slides out of the booth, leaving two empty glasses behind him “You just had drinks, I was the one who got food.”

“But I ate your fries!” Dream grabs his wrist to stop George from heading up to the bar, finding he likes the view he gets from where George is standing above him in those tall shoes he forgot about.

“They were to share, idiot.” George retorts, and before Dream can protest again, he’s waltzing up to bar, calling out behind him, “You can just pay for the second date!”

Dream laughs, picks up his phone, and does a double-take at the screen when he sees how much time has passed. Sure, conversation with George came easy, and they had worked their way through two rounds of drinks, but he didn’t expect nearly two hours to have passed. He has a missed text from Sapnap that he answers quickly, tapping out a message and sending it as George comes back over to the table they had been sharing.

Sapnap 9:04 pm

how's it going?

Dream 10:00 pm

So good lol

We're going to his place now

Sapnap 10:01 pm

LETS GOOOO

He shoves his phone into his back pocket as he rises from the booth, smiling up at George all the while before they exit the bar. The night is cold but the little bit of alcohol in their veins and the easy conversation that flows between them keeps them warm during the several-block walk back up the street they came down. They talk about George’s job and his most interesting clients, about both of their cats (Dream counts that as a win for himself, George *is* a cat person), about the most recent book Dream has read, about everything and nothing, until they’re standing at the facade of a quaint 3-story high rise.

“This is me,” George says, pulling his keys out of the pocket of his denim jacket and unlocking the

door. The entry way has a door labelled ‘one’ and an old, dimly lit wooden staircase. “I’m at the top, though, sorry.”

“Hah, no worries,” Dream chuckles. “Just—you really climb the stairs in those boots? Aren’t they heavy?”

George rolls his eyes at him again, saying “Nah, not really. If they were I’d probably have nicer legs.”

With fewer inhibitions in between his brain and his mouth, Dream says, “You already have nice legs.”

George stops, letting Dream catch up to him on the stairs so they’re side by side before continuing with a small laugh, “thanks.”

At the top landing, George pulls out another key to unlock a door labelled ‘three,’ and ushers Dream inside before closing it and locking it behind him. Dream looks around the small apartment, seeing a modern open floor-plan and vintage-looking furniture illuminated by the soft glow of a lamp that George flicks on using the light switch.

He’s about to compliment the space when he finds a hand on his shoulder pressing himself up against the door and George’s face mere inches from his own, a small smile tugging at the corners of his pierced lips.

“Should I put on a movie, or do we not need the formality?”

Impulsively, Dream takes George’s face in his hands, pulling him up an inch or so into a heated kiss by way of an answer. George chuckles against his lips, letting him know that he’s gotten the message loud and clear.

Dream’s hands fly to his waist, underneath the rough denim of his jacket to hold onto the soft cotton of his t-shirt, already imagining the skin still hidden underneath it to be softer. George’s hands move into his hair, tugging Dream’s face downwards for a better angle, because even in his Demonias, he was leaning up on his toes.

Dream wants nothing more than to kiss him hard, to draw out more of the soft noises he gets when he runs his tongue along George’s bottom lip but he’s tentative, the feeling of warm metal against

even warmer lips is foreign. It's exciting, but he doesn't want to hurt the man in front of him.

George pulls back, just barely, just enough to whisper against Dream's lip, "Don't be afraid of it."

"Huh?" Is all Dream can manage, because even without teeth and tongue George has already followed through on his promise to kiss the *shit* out of him. He's left breathless, with spit-slicked lips and red cheeks as his kiss-addled brain struggles to figure out what George meant.

"You can, like..." The brunet pulls his bottom lip into his mouth with his teeth, and the sight of ivory against red against silver all framed by pale skin and dark hair sends heat pooling in Dream's belly. "Mess with it. The piercing. It doesn't hurt."

Dream nods, his eyes trained on the little silver ball that he hasn't been able to get out of his head, and pulls George in again. He slots their mouths together, taking George's perfect bottom lip between his own. He licks over the stud, the feeling of it moving under his tongue causing sparks of electricity in the fingertips pressed into the small of George's back, inching their way up his shirt to feel smooth bare skin.

The metal gives a little *click* at it catches on his teeth, and he tugs, just barely, dragging a little whine out of the shorter man. He switches to feeling it with his thumb, running the pad of it over the stud before pulling George's lip away from his mouth, then watching it fall back into place. George looks a little dazed, the stars in his eyes multiplied as Dream sees them through blurry double vision.

"I fucking love your piercings," Dream murmurs.

"Yeah?" George laughs breathlessly before his tone turns dark and a little dangerous, "You haven't even seen the rest of them."

Dream pulls George closer, slotting their bodies together and pushing George's jacket off of his shoulders, letting it fall to the floor. Finding him equally hard in those ripped jeans that hug his legs so nice is both exhilarating and a little relieving to Dream, because he's already feeling constricted by his own pants. One of Dream's hands pulls George closer with a strong grip on his thigh, and he's a little confused for a moment as he feels soft, bare skin under his fingertips.

Jesus. He'd forgotten about the rip there. Dream slips his hand upwards, between tight denim and pale skin that he can't see but knows must look like moonlight, taking a handful of plush upper

thigh and squeezing.

He swallows, unsure if this is going to be pushing things too far, but George nudging a thigh between Dream's own is enough to spur him on to ask, "You gonna show me?"

George just takes fistfuls of Dream's sweater, spinning them around so he's pinned up against his own door and caged in by Dream's tall frame. He looks up at the blond and says cockily, "I think it's more fun if you find them yourself."

That's all it takes for Dream to take ahold of the man's face and push forwards into a deep, fiery kiss, the force of it nearly overwhelming George before he can throw his arms around Dream's neck to support him on his weak knees.

Dream's big hands press into the softness of his stomach, and George barely suppresses a whimper at feeling just how much skin his broad palms and long fingers can cover. Maybe it's just the chill of late autumn, or maybe Dream just runs hot, but everywhere their skin comes into contact feels like it's on fire.

Dream avoids his belly button—everyone does, George muses. They never seem to think about it—and move immediately to thumb over two pierced nipples. George traps Dream's strong thigh between his own, grinding down onto it with wanton abandon.

"Can I?" Dream pulls back to ask, pushing George's shirt up to his ribcage.

George laughs against his lips, nodding as much as he can where his head is pinned between the wood of his door and Dream's own. "You're such a gentleman."

"I try." As much as George likes the sound of his airy laughter, something about the deep gravel of his kissed-out voice is just so much better.

Dream moves back to pull the t-shirt off, leaving George bare-chested and shivering in the cold air of his apartment. He tries to drag Dream closer again, to feel the warmth radiating from his chest and hands, but Dream is stuck staring at the silver barbells stuck through both of his nipples, entranced by the same melangé of colors that make up his mouth.

Even though there's no metal in his own mouth, there must be a magnetic connection between

Dream's lips and that color palette, because before he knows it he has one of those pretty pink buds in his mouth, running his tongue over hot skin and cold metal. He thumbs over the other one, feeling George squirm under the touch. Thinking about the beautiful whine he wants to hear, Dream tries taking this piercing between his teeth, the same as he did to George's lip, and tugs it lightly.

Click.

Gasp.

"*Dream...*"

"Good?" Dream looks up at him to ask, he knows it must've felt good from the way George has a death grip in his hips, holding him close and rutting up against him, but he wants to hear him say it. He wants to hear him say it in that breathy voice, so he takes his nipple between his teeth again, turning the barbell over with his tongue.

"So good, ah, fuck! Do that again."

Dream can't do anything but indulge the shivering man underneath him. Eventually he replaces his mouth with his other hand, freeing his lips to kiss up along George's prominent collarbones, the tendons of his neck where they stand out with how his head is thrown back, along the corner of his perfect jawline.

"There's-mm-still one you haven't seen." George says as he buries his hands in unruly blond hair.

"Care to show me?" The vibrations of Dream's voice against his neck cause another shiver. George nods, pushing Dream away again so he has enough room to undo the zipper of his jeans, pushing them down to the tops of his thighs along with his boxers.

His hard cock peeks out from the waistband of black boxers, and Dream's breath is taken away by the sight of the same pink of his dick as his lips and nipples, the same paleness of the skin on his lower stomach as his face and chest, and of course, that same beautiful silver. The long barbell pierced through the head of his cock, perpendicular to the flat plane of his stomach, is shiny, wet with precum that had been slowly leaking every time he pressed up against Dream's firm thighs.

"Oh my god, George. You..." Dream's hands freeze where they had jumped up to explore the piercing. He looks up to see George smirking at him. "Can I?"

"Mhm." George wiggles his tight jeans down a little further, letting Dream wrap his fingers around his cock just under the head. He's not sure if the little groan that escapes him is from the feeling of much-needed friction or the sight of just how much of his dick Dream's hands could cover.

"Holy fuck," Dream whispers, pushing the barbell lightly so that it moves back through the head.
"How bad did that hurt?"

"Pretty fucking bad," George laughs, reaching down to spin the piercing between his finger and thumb. Dream can't stop staring at it, so George grabs his face to make eye contact as he says lowly, "But now, I mean...I've heard it feels really good."

Dream whimpers, licks his lips, and the filter between his brain and his mouth must be completely gone by now because he hears a voice that sounds like his own ask meekly, "Would you fuck me?"

George moans at the thought, and because Dream hasn't stopped fiddling with his piercing, giving him teasing touches and little spins of the jewelry. He doesn't think he can keep himself on his feet for much longer. "Bed-bedroom, please."

"Lead the way." Dream pulls back to say with a smile. George pulls his pants back up, shielding himself from the chill air of his living room, but not bothering with redoing the button and zipper. He takes Dream's hand and leads him to his bedroom, flicking on the lamp on his bedside table but not the overhead light.

Dream is too lost in the sight of George, shirtless and flushed, to take a good look at the messy bedroom around him. George is suddenly self-conscious, not about himself, he knows he looks good, but about the clothes on the floor and the posters falling off of his walls. And the fact that he now has to take his boots off, which is a whole fucking *process*.

"Just give me a second." He sits down on the bed and gets to work undoing the buckles that run up his shins, admonishing his past self for choosing to wear these, for not buying the ones with the zippers on the sides. His head whips up when he hears a small chuckle from Dream. "Stop laughing!"

"You're cute." Dream laughs as he says this, causing George to curse under his breath and busy

himself with looking down at his platforms to hide the ever-growing blush on his face. Dream sits down next to him, his weight causing a dip in the mattress that pulls George towards him, and leans back on this elbows to watch.

"Take your shirt off." George grumbles, but he can't really be that mad once the thought of seeing Dream's broad chest bare in front of him enters his mind.

"Oh, right." He says, jumping up to pull off his sweater and start undoing the buttons on his shirt underneath, and George tries not to giggle. The way he said it made it sound like he was so wrapped up in watching George undress that he had actually forgotten about himself.

When Dream's finally lost his pants and they're both are equally shirtless and seeking each other's warmth, George drags Dream up to the head of his bed, climbs in his lap and throws his arms around his shoulders. He likes the way Dream isn't afraid to kiss him hard and fast now, likes the way he can feel his lip piercing press into Dream's lower lip, wonders if he can leave a bruise on them for the blond to remember him by tomorrow.

With two big hands on his ass, Dream pulls him forwards, groaning when George's bulge grinds down against his own through two thin layers of fabric. When he slips a hand between denim and skin this time, he's not afraid to grab his ass, to knead it and feel the way fat and skin move between the gaps in his fingers. Dream can't stop thinking about the metal hiding under those soft black boxers. They kiss until George is squirming, itching for more, he feels like he's been grinding against Dream for ages and although it's more than enjoyable, he doesn't really feel like cumming in his pants tonight.

George worms a hand in between where their chests are pressed against each other, feeling Dream's length up once before he finds that Dream is equally as hard as he is, if the way he can feel his pulse in his hand and little breathy whines against his lips are anything to go by.

"Holy fuck," George breaks their kiss to say, looking down at Dreams lap. He fiddles with the waistband of Dream's underwear until the blond gives him a little hum of affirmation.

"Wha-" Dream furrows his eyebrows together, confused, but his body only paints a picture of want, his hips pushing up off the mattress and into George's hands to help him slip his boxers down and off.

"You're *big*." George says, the lewd slap of Dream's cock against his stomach punctuating his sentence.

"Oh." Dream blushes furiously at the sight of himself dripping against his stomach, at George marveling at his dick like it's a museum specimen. He's not *that* big, he thinks, maybe George is just small, it's probably just due to his stature, but the almost-praise makes his cock jump and throb with need nonetheless.

"Yeah, 'oh.'" George says, taking Dream's dick into his hand, liking the way it's about as long as the distance from the base of his palm to the tip of his fingers, and much thicker around than any of his slender digits. "I mean, jesus. You sure you want me to fuck you?"

"Um, I mean, we can do whatever, but—" Dream gasps out, finding that although their hands had already been all over each other, the metal of George's rings is still deliciously cool against his flushed skin. "I, uh...I really wanna feel it."

"Feel what?" George looks up at him with dark eyes, like he knows exactly what Dream wants to feel (he had offered it in the first place, after all) but wants to hear it for himself.

"You. Your piercing."

George gives him a smile that's almost a smirk, like he's wordlessly praising him for giving him what he asked for. Dream feels the heat of it zip down his spine and cause the building in his stomach to coil even tighter. George dives in for another quick but heated kiss, not shying away from shoving his tongue past Dream's lips. It's almost like he's making a point of pressing his pierced tongue against Dream's unadorned one, of running the silver ball embedded in it along the underside of Dream's teeth.

"Can I show you another piercing first?" George asks, sitting back on his calves between Dream's thighs, and the blond nods eagerly, having put together *exactly* where this is going.

"Fuck, *please*." The words leave Dream's lips without his permission, but he finds he's not above begging. Not when silver-decorated lips are mouthing along the inside of his thigh and soft yet firm hands are slicking up his cock with spit.

"These ones feel pretty good, too." The breath of George's murmured words against the head of his dick pull a needy whimper from Dream's lips, but it's nothing compared to the long, unabashed moan he lets out when that damned barbell and skillful tongue press against the sensitive underside of his crown. All the while, he's pushing his tight jeans down and kicking them off to relieve some of the pressure on his own dick, leaving him in his black underwear to grind against his sheets.

George slowly works his way all the down his length, leaving open mouthed kissed along the prominent vein there, before licking over his balls. One of Dream's big hands flies into mussed chocolate curls, gripping it tight and holding him there for a moment to chase that tingly feeling again, before yanking his hand back after a moment.

"*Shit*," Dream bites out, torn between feeling bad about going to far with George and feeling so *damn good*. "Sorry."

George doesn't let up though, as he has proven a thousand times over, he's full of surprises. He just pushes Dream's thighs father apart so he can take one of Dream's balls into his mouth, working the multiple piercings in his mouth ofter the sensitive skin there. He pulls of with a *pop* and another one of those smirks that leaves Dream feeling dizzy. Or maybe it's just the spit-slicked hand still feeling him up. Probably both.

"S'okay, you can pull my hair." George blushes a little, looks down and away as he realizes he has just admitted to his perchance for pain. How someone can look so fucking cute while giving head like a god is beyond Dream's ability to comprehend at the moment.

Dream scooches himself backwards a little bit so he can rest against the pillows. His elbows already hurt from propping himself up on them to see pink lips dance over his tanned skin, and he doesn't want them to give out.

Not yet, anyways. Hopefully later.

"What, you wanna watch?" George's cocky attitude is back, but if anything, it fuels Dream to return his energy.

"Yeah." He takes thick hair between his fingers again and tugs, laughing lightly at the little whine that escapes George as he leans into the touch. "You look so pretty like that, your mouth between my legs."

"It'd look even prettier on your cock." George's attempt at a controlled, teasing tone comes out a little whinier than he'd like. He's already inadvertently admitted to being a bit of a masochist—as if it's not obvious from his *twenty* piercings—he'd like to save his affinity for bratting, his desire to act out and get punished and shoved down into his place, the fact that he loves sucking cock, for at least the second date.

As if Dream can't already tell he loves giving head, loves the buzz he gets from receiving praise as he doles out pleasure, loves showing off what his jewelry can do. Dream can fucking *tell*, because he's fucking *good* at it. "Show me, then."

George doesn't waste time responding, just takes Dream's tip into between those perfect lips and wets it with his tongue. His labret piercing sits flush with the underside of the head of his cock, one of Dream's most sensitive spots, and his hips reach up of their own accord, begging for more.

George obliges, sinking down and easily taking Dream's length into his mouth. He tongues over the underside of length and the sensation of that damned stud in his tongue has Dream's toes curling. "Fuck, George."

George just hums back at him, starting to bob up and down slowly, taking his time, worshiping Dream's cock with his tongue. He's not doing much, honestly, focusing on teasing licks and gentle sucks, intending to get Dream worked up, but he's already there. He's *been* there.

The sight of brown doe eyes suddenly looking up at him, the image of the perfect pink lips he'd spent a week not-so-secretly thinking about curving into a smile around his dick, pulling them tighter as George dives back down, it causes the knot in Dream's stomach to tighten suddenly, and he's only a little embarrassed to breathily admit, "Sh-shit. Gonna cum."

George pulls off with a lewd *pop*, replacing his mouth with his hand as he questions, "D'you want to?"

Fuck, does Dream want to. He's wanted to all fucking *week*, but was forced to bring himself (and his dick) back down from his racing thoughts of George by the guilt that was eating him alive at the thought of jerking off to a man he'd only met once. "Will you still fuck me after?"

George laughs—nothing mean, a light-spirited, airy laugh—as his hand starts moving faster, thumb expertly rubbing over Dream's head and dipping into the precum beaded at his slit. "I don't think I could ever say no to that, to be honest."

"Then, *fuck*, please, yeah I wanna cum." Dream whines.

"Already begging, huh?" George's cool nonchalance is back as he slows down the movement of his fist, lets his grip go a little slack. He's testing the waters, seeing just how much Dream is

willing to beg for him.

“Please, George. Fuck, need it.”

Apparently, Dream is willing to beg a lot. George takes cues to continue his dirty talk from the hitches in Dream’s breath, the way his entire body is arching up towards him. It emboldens him, makes him unafraid and unashamed to ask-

“Wanna cum on my face?” His question sounds a little too genuine, revealing a little too much that he wants it too, so George evens out his tone, darkens it a little. “Wanna see all those pretty piercings you love so much covered in your cum?”

Dream hastily nods at him, his jaw tense, unable to choke out anything more than, “Close.”

George chuckles again, sitting back on his knees between Dream’s legs and guiding Dream’s own hand to his cock. He already misses it, the way he could feel it jumping and twitching in his hand as he drew him ever-nearer to that edge. He takes it in his mouth again, sucking on the head and not breaking eye contact as he purposefully dips his tongue piercing into his slit, causing Dream to suck in a sharp breath.

It’s not long before the blond is pulling him off with a tug on chocolate curls, his other hand working over himself quickly. George’s mouth falls open and a quiet whine escapes at the feeling of Dream’s strong, unrelenting grip on his hair as he holds him in place. His eyes slip shut in instinct at the first feeling of hot cum landing across his cheek, but he opens his mouth wider at the feeling, inviting Dream to mark with white the piercings he’d spent so long teasing him with.

If George’s piercings were stars that surrounded the night sky of his hair and the moon of his face, then seeing his cum splattered across high cheekbones and a straight nose is a fucking supernova. Dream’s toes curl at the sight, he’s past liftoff, he’s escaping the gravity of earth and falling into the universe of *George*.

George opens his eyes when he hears a long moan from Dream, as if he was holding his breath through his orgasm and is now working to catch it. He’s a little nervous that the blond isn’t finished—he really hates getting cum in his eyes, it burns like hell—but the prospect of seeing Dream’s blissed out face is worth the risk.

And worth it, it was. Dream is flushed red and panting, staring down at the picture he’d painted on George’s face with dazed green eyes, like he can’t believe he just did that.

“Fuck,” they both groan in unison, then let out matching little breathy laughs.

“Holy shit, George.” Dream says at the sight of George licking some of Dream’s release off of where it’d fallen on his lips to draw it into his mouth, tasting it and swallowing it. “You’re so fucking hot.”

“Thanks,” George says earnestly, a smile cracking across his face. He can feel the cum on his cheeks and nose and chin—*Jesus, there was a lot*, he thinks—moving with his muscles. It was hot in the moment, literally and figuratively, but now as it’s cooling and drying, it’s getting uncomfortable. “Uh, can you grab tissues from my nightstand?”

“Yep,” Dream says, pulling a few from the box and handing them to George.

“And the lube?” George asks, hiding his blush behind where he’s wiping cum from his nose, like he has some semblance of shame.

Dream pulls open his bedside drawer to fish out a well-loved bottle of lube and set it beside his bare hip. If he saw the array of sex toys laying beside it—which he must’ve, some of them are pretty big—George is silently thankful he didn’t say anything.

“Um, did I get it all?” He asks when Dream pulls him back onto his lap.

“Here,” the blond says, taking the tissues from George’s hand and sheepishly wiping under his eyebrow, right where a bent barbell breaks through his skin.

They fall into another easy kiss after Dream tosses the dirtied paper into George’s rubbish, Dream licking into George’s mouths just to taste himself on the others tongue. George, who’s erection didn’t fail the entire time, starts grinding down on where Dream is perking up again. He hisses at the feeling of fabric against his sensitive skin, and slips his hands into the waistband of George’s underwear, pushing them down.

George has to break the kiss to lift himself up onto his knees, allowing Dream to push his boxers down to his thighs and let his red, needy cock fall against Dream’s stomach. He falls forwards, hands planted on Dream’s broad chest and groans at the feeling of one of those big hands covering it completely, jerking him off slowly and spinning his piercing with his thumb.

It's so good, but George is forced to draw Dream's hand away by his wrist so it doesn't become too much too soon, which the sight of the redness of his head disappearing beneath Dream's tanned skin was threatening to do.

"Still want me to fuck you?" He asks breathlessly, already sitting back on Dream's to grab the lube.

"So bad." Dream grins against George's lips where he leans up for another messy kiss, perfectly imperfect in the way they're panting and smiling and not really even kissing, but reveling in each other's proximity.

"Gotta prep you," George muses, climbing off Dream's lap so he can finally slide his boxers all the way off before sitting beside him. "Can you turn over?"

"Mhm," Dream hums, already flipping onto his stomach and grabbing a pillow to rest his chin on. George nudges his thighs apart to make room for himself between them, and the *snick* of a bottle cap opening is loud against the white noise of his quiet apartment.

George warms some lube up on his fingers before bringing them to Dream's hole, spreading it around and rubbing teasingly over the puckered muscle. He presses, just slightly, not enough to really enter him, just enough for the blond to feel that tantalizing stretch, and gets a gasp from Dream.

"Fuck, George, tease me some other time. Hurry up, need your dick in me." Dream's words could sound commanding, but with the way he's whining them and pushing his hips back into George's touch is anything but.

George laughs, pressing one finger into Dream while his other hand plays with his ass to distract him from the stretch, kneading it and pushing it around, spreading him open for him. "I'm definitely taking you up on that offer, some time."

Dream gets a little dizzy at the thought of George keeping him exposed and vulnerable like this while he has his fun teasing him, licking at him, giving him just enough but never enough with his fingers, keeping him on edge for however long he wants, and though he's never really been submissive before, he can't say he's not in love with the idea. "Some other time." He agrees, "not now. Add another, I can take it."

“Eager, are we?” George asks, even though they both know the answer: *yes*.

Dream just whines, his toes curling at the warm stretch of George pushing another one of his pale fingers into him alongside the first and scissoring them apart, gently easing him open.

“Come on, Dream. I just let you cum on my face, the least you can do is sit there and look pretty and tell me how badly you want my cock.” George says casually, like he’s not making Dream fall apart on his fingers as he speaks. Adding a third easily tears down the front taller man was weakly putting up, causing a rush of half-formed thought to come spilling out of his mouth like water from a broken dam.

“Yes, George, I want it, wanna feel you a-and your piercing, want you to fuck me, please just-*ah!*” Dream shouts and writhes as George intentionally rubs at his prostate, which he’d neglected prior, just as he was in the middle of speaking, to draw the best reaction out of him. “Again, *fuck*, again.” Dream begs breathlessly.

“Again?” George questions, but obliges to see Dream’s eyebrows scrunch up in pleasure as he teases at the live wire inside of him. “Thought you wanted me to fuck you?”

“*Shit*,” Dream bites out before George moves away from that spot, giving him a second to breathe and collect himself. “Yes, fuck yes, I’m ready.”

George slips his fingers out, taking a second to admire the way Dream clenches around the feeling of being empty, his hole shiny with lube and red with desire. “D’you mind staying like this? Feels better this way, I’ve heard.”

“This is good,” Dream nods, taking a pillow to shove under his hips so he doesn’t ruin George’s sheet. He doesn’t usually like staying on his stomach like this when he bottoms, it feels far too exposed to have the most vulnerable part of him right where his partner can greedily stare at it, but something about George just makes him feel comfortable. He doesn’t mind being seen so intimately, with him. And he wants to make the most of that piercing.

“Okay,” George says softly, dropping a kiss onto Dream’s tailbone to soothe the nerves he must’ve picked up on. “D’you want me to wear a-“

“No,” Dream cuts him off, then cringes at his over-eagerness. “I-I mean, I’m clean, so, uh, if you

want to-“

“Me too.” George says distractedly as he spreads lube over his cock, then looking up at where Dream has his bottom lip bitten beneath his teeth, he rubs a hand along his hip to sooth him. “Relax for me, Dream. You’re doing great.”

Dream does just that, his body seemingly unable to do anything but follow George’s soft command. George smirks at the little whine he let out along with his tension. “You like that? Praise?”

“Yeah,” Dream huffs, red-cheeked. “Who doesn’t?”

“Touché,” George chuckles as he lines up with Dream’s hole, pressing gently and watching the muscle give way to his pierced head. “So you’d like it if I called you a good boy?”

Dream moans at that, his body relaxing under George’s hands, and he takes the opportunity to slowly ease in until he bottoms out, not missing the way Dream’s eyes roll back under fluttering eyelids as his piercing grazes over his sensitive nerves.

“So good, George, holy shit.” Dream groans, shifting his hips around to get more friction.

“Yeah?” George asks, but he already knows the answer from the way Dream is clenching and releasing around him as he grinds into him, slow and deep.

“Yes, fuck, please move.” Dream says, throwing his head back. “Move, *please*.”

George tightens his grip on Dream’s hips as he pulls them backwards to meet his forward motion in a hard thrust, punching a load moan out of the man underneath him. He wants to draw this out, to enjoy the feeling of Dream’s tight walls around him for as long as possible, but he’s been aching for this for so long, and Dream keeps twitching and tightening around him every time his piercing rubs over his prostate, and his moans are music to George’s ears. “Fuck, might not last long. Feels so good.” George says, speeding up.

“Okay, that’s okay,” Dream gasps, arching his back in order to entice George into finally fucking him the way his already oversensitive body needs. “Me too, just fuck me hard, please.”

“God, you sound so pretty when you beg.” George whispers, giving in and starting to slam into Dream in the way they both want, fucking into him hard and abandoning any pretense of drawing this out. Heat has been pooled in his belly and thrumming under his skin since Dream walked into his shop with his dopey smile and fluffy hair to pick him up for their date—no, since he came in to drop Sapnap off, no, since Dream came in for that damned nose piercing that started it all—and he needs to fucking *cum*.

They’re sharing breath and exchanging breaths as George’s pace quickens, as Dream’s grip on the sheets tighten and the moans leaving his mouth grow higher, as George holds Dream’s sides with a strength he didn’t know he had, hard enough to threaten to leave purple bruises in the shape of his fingertips.

“I’m—*fuck*—I’m close,” George grits out around uneven breaths, “you’re so fucking good, holy shit.”

“Don’t pull out,” Dream whines, then composes himself slightly, as if he needs to make an excuse for wanting to feel George’s cum inside him, “I’m close, too.” George hastily nods, even though Dream can’t see it, and hearing him beg for it was the thing that threw him over the edge.

“Fuck, Dream, fuck!” He cries out, his hips giving a few last, erratic thrusts of their own accord before he pulls Dream’s back up to meet his chest, holding onto him tight and riding out the waves of his orgasms by thrusting slightly where he’s buried deep into Dream. His piercing rubs recently against Dream’s prostate causing him to squirm and whine in George’s grip before he can move to get a hand around himself.

Dream jerks himself off quickly, in a stark contrast to the slow circles George is grinding into him but with a pressure to match. He comes quickly, with George’s hand around his chest and his soft lips sucking dark marks into his necks, with George’s cock still buried in him and his piercings pressed against him everywhere, his neck, his back, his hole. He comes with one last, strangled moan, spilling over his fingers before he can’t keep himself up anymore, and even George’s grip isn’t enough to hold his spent body upright.

Dream flops onto his back, still taking care to avoid messing George’s bedclothes, and the brunet quickly follows, slumping into his side. “Holy shit,” he says, his clean(er) hand coming up to push George’s sweaty fringe away from his face.

“Holy shit is right,” George agrees, panting and handing Dream a clean tissue to clean off his hand.

Once he’s caught his breath a little, he picks himself up on one hand to capture Dream’s lips in

another kiss. It hadn't been that long without one, but he was already missing feeling his smile against his own. They make out lazily for a while, coming down from their highs together and enjoying being in each other's space, it's sweaty but blissfully, his small bedroom smells of sex but is still thrumming with electricity. It's not overpowering anymore, but it exists in heat shared when skin touches and arcs of lightning between lips.

It's not until George starts to shiver where he's laying on top of Dream that the blond pulls away. "You're cold," he says softly.

"Another astute observation," George doesn't manage to deadpan his joke like the first time he said it, back in the bar, it comes out with a little giggle that he would be embarrassed by with probably anyone else. He shoves his jeans away from where Dream was pulling them towards him with a grimace, standing up on shaky legs and making his way the few feet to his dresser. "No way I'm putting those things back on. They're way too tight."

Dream laughs a little, sitting up to pull his sweater and boxers back on now that he's missing George's warmth. He can't tear his eyes away from where George is stepping into a pair of loose sweats and pulling a big hoodie down over them. He can't help but imagine those being his clothes George is wearing.

Dream makes a mental note to bring George to his house next time, to make that new fantasy a reality.

He comes back to the bed, pushing the rest of their clothes unceremoniously onto the floor in a mixed heap so he can pull his duvet up over their legs as he tucks himself into Dream's side again, finding his head fits perfectly into his where Dream's shoulder meets his neck, that his arm is the perfect length to wrap around his body and hold him close. Dream's hand slips under the hem of his hoodie, never getting enough of the feeling of soft skin under his fingertips. George shivers, even though Dream's hands are warm. The contact makes him sigh, causes his eyes to slip shut, causes him to press closer to Dream's chest.

"How was the piercing?" He asks after a few long moments of comfortable silence, looking up at where the corners of Dream's eyes are crinkling with light laughter. "Are the reviews in?"

"Excellent, 10 out of 10, critics are raving." Dream jokes, his wheezing laughter moving George where he lays on his chest.

They lay there together, relaxed and comfortable in each others arms, easy banter and conversation flowing through the small distance between them, until they're both hiding big yawns behind their

hands.

“I’m gonna fall asleep on you if we’re not careful.” Dream murmurs into George’s hair after a long yawn. His thumb gently brushes over George’s cheekbone, right underneath his closed eye.

“What’s wrong with that?” George mumbles sleepily, burying his face deeper into Dream’s chest.

“I don’t think you’d like my alarm waking you up at six, to be honest.”

“Hah,” George laughs, “true.” He cuts himself off before saying *I don’t want you to leave*, reminding himself that although it feels like he’s known Dream for years, that this was their first date.

“You can come over to mine next time and spend the night,” Dream offers, almost shyly, rubbing one hand over George’s back while the other searches for his discarded phone. He finds it, checks the clock, and shocks himself at how much time had passed.

“I’m taking you up on that offer, too.” George says perking up to look at Dream, his eyes alight with the idea. Those sparks in his eyes were what first drew Dream into this beautiful man, and he can’t help himself but pull him into another kiss.

“We can still cuddle while we wait for my Uber,” Dream says, ordering the car before dropping his phone so he can get that arm back around George, where it belongs.

“Mmm,” George hums in agreement. “Don’t let me fall asleep, I wanna walk you out.”

The twenty minutes the car took to arrive passed in what felt like a blink. All of a sudden, Dream’s phone lit up with a notification and George was forced to roll off of him to allow him to stand, find his pants and pull them on, and make sure his keys and wallet were stuffed in his pockets. Dream’s button-up lay abandoned under George’s t-shirt and jeans, his sleepy and sex-addled brain too fuzzy to remember to care about it.

George walked him down two flights of old, creaky stairs, padding down them in his socks until he pulled the blond into one final kiss behind the front door to his building.

“Bye,” Dream says once he’s pulled away.

“Bye,” George returns with a smile, “actually text me this time, okay?”

Dream has to muffle his laugh with his hand, it’s late and George shares a building with other people. “I will. Promise.”

“You better.” George returns, his voice soft. “Text me when you get home, actually. I’ll probably be asleep, but it’ll be nice to know you got home safe.”

“You’re sweet.” Dream beams down at him.

“No, I’m cool and intimidating. Shut up.” George retorts, but the dim yellow light of his stairwell can’t hide his reddening cheeks.

“True. Still sweet.”

“Your car is waiting, idiot.” George laughs, opening up the door to allow cold night air to rush in and Dream’s warm body to step out. “See ya.”

“Second date soon,” Dream calls over his shoulder as he makes his way down the brick steps.

When he got home, Sapnap was awake and waiting for him, begging him for all the details of his date, and what came after. Dream told him that George was funny, kind, an ex-computer science major, and was unbelievably sweet under his hard exterior. He decidedly did *not* tell him about his dick sucking skills and his hidden piercings, choosing to keep at least some of the memories for himself. Until next time, at least.

End Notes

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